

After breakfast Prue got out her books and said her lessons to herself. Then she went to the kitchen. There Nora let her cut out a quantity of very small cakes with a thimble, all ready to be divided at lunch tomorrow with the other girls. This was great fun; so were the stories that Nora told her about her home in the "auld counthrie." It was dinner time before Prue knew it.

In the afternoon her mother gave her a piece of red silk which she made into a magnificent evening cloak for her doll. After that was done she read for awhile and played jackstraws for awhile against a make-believe opponent who was really herself. But for all her efforts time went heavily toward the end. More than once she was on the point of going to her mother for comfort.

"For I feel like being cross; just as cross as I can! I'd like to tell somebody how miserable and long and tiresome this afternoon is, and how I wish I had some one to play with, and how stupid these old games and things are! I believe I will, too."

But every time she thought better of it. "No. If you ask God to bless the day you ought not to go and unless it your own self without any excuse but meanness."

Prue was almost asleep at last when she heard her mother calling her. She ran to the window where Mrs. Wetherbee was standing.

The snow had stopped and there was a glowing yellow band all around the sky.

"Clear weather tomorrow, little girl," said her mother. Prue jumped up and down and clapped her hands.

"Now I can go to school tomorrow! Can't I?"

"Oh, yes; I think so. But you have been to school today."

Prue's eyes opened very wide. "How have I?" she asked.

Mrs. Wetherbee put her arm around Prue and drew her close up beside her.

"God keeps school for all his children, big and little, every day," she said, softly. "Many of the lessons that he gives us are not book lessons at all; and often they are the best for us to know. I think that my Prue has tried to learn some today."

Prue turned her face so that she could see the orange light in the sky.

"Is patience one?" she asked.—Advocate and Guardian.

RAYS OF SUNSHINE.

"The late Francis Thompson, the English poet," said a magazine editor, "had a great love of birds. He once told me a pretty story about a swallow."

"Catching, one day in the early autumn, a swallow that nested in his garden, he fastened to its wing a piece of oiled paper inscribed with the words:

"Swallow, little swallow, I wonder where you pass the winter!"

"The next spring the swallow returned to its nest at the usual time. Attached to its foot was another piece of oiled paper with the inscription:

"Florence, at the house of Castellari. Cordial greetings to the friend in the North.—Ex.

I dare no more fret than I dare curse and swear.—John Wesley.

The spectacles of regret always magnify.—Henry VanDyke.

Our Wee Little Ones

TAME PIGEONS.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy nine years old. I go to school, which is not over two hundred yards from my house. My teacher is Miss Persons. I go to church with my father. I have two sisters and three brothers, and two friends very near me named John and Walter Wellborn. I have several little pigeons which are very tame, also a dog. I hope this letter will be printed.

Your friend,

Ernest Culberson.

ENJOYS THE PAPER.

Dear Presbyterian: This is my first letter to you and I want to tell you how very much I enjoy your dear paper. I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to school and learn very fast; am in the sixth grade. Papa takes your paper and I learned some lovely poems in it. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. My teacher is Miss Florence Alexander. As this is my first letter I had better close. Hoping to see my letter in print, as I want to surprise papa and mamma.

Your friend,

Eupha Milholland.

Stony Point, N. C.

A WAY OF GIVING.

A little boy that sings his way,
He knows and we know, every day,
How sweet a thing it is to share
With everyone the joy we bear.

The best and wisest thing of all
In this round world, for great and small,
Is just to follow Joy along,
And sing each day some bit of song.

THE WEST WIND.

"See, mamma, I'm the wind," said Charley, as he puffed out his cheeks and blew his little boat across the great Sea of Dishpan. "Well," said busy mamma, "if you are going to be a wind, I hope you will be the clear, bright west wind, blowing away the clouds and fogs. Never be a chilly, rainy, east wind." Charley liked the fancy, and now when the east wind is blowing out of doors, and people are dull and a little cross, he tries to make sunshine indoors. He likes to hear mamma say: "What bright weather my dear West Wind is making here in the house!"
—Sunbeam.

FOLLOWING A BROTHER'S EXAMPLE.

Dear Presbyterian: As my brother wrote to you a few weeks ago I think I will follow his example. I am eleven years old. I attend the S. U. P. Sabbath school. Every Saturday I go to a sewing school. Mr. Francis, the pastor, is a kind man, who loves children. He always calls them "dear children." We stay at our grandmother's sometimes and have jolly times and she enjoys it almost as much as we do.

Your reader and friend,

Edith Paley.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A SURPRISE.

Dear Presbyterian:

I am a little boy, ten years old. We take your paper and I like it fine. I have a little brother, seven months old. Hope to see my letter in print, as I want to surprise papa and mamma.

Your little friend,

Charlie Howard.